

12-17-1896

Trinity Tablet, December 17, 1896

Trinity College

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The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXX.

DECEMBER 17, 1896

No. 4

Published every three weeks during the college year

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Terms, \$2.00 per year ; single copies, 20 cents. For sale at 18 Jarvis Hall, Trinity College.

Address P. O. Box 398 Hartford, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office at Hartford, Conn., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIALS

AT the close of the year, it is profitable to reflect upon its events. Thanks to a merciful endowment of the mind, memory shrouds with a kindly haze their unpleasantnesses, while their joys are magnified by comparison. But we are not wholly without cause for the comfortable satisfaction with which we all look forward to the holidays. To all its readers THE TABLET offers its congratulations ; first to the Trustees, for having eventually solved the vexed question of lighting and heating the new building ; then to the Faculty, in all sincerity, for their wise and liberal arrangement of the college services ; to the Library, upon its purchase of the Decameron—even here light begins to dawn ; to all the college organizations in turn ; and last, but by no means least, to the Football team upon its excellent showing. And in conclusion THE

TABLET would thank the college for the literary support, though somewhat scanty, accorded to it during the past term and would offer to all its readers the best of wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

* * * * *

SINCE the last issue of THE TABLET, the college catalogue for 1896-97 has been published. The edition is rather late but we realize the difficulties attendant on its publication. This lateness is of no especial importance except for the delay in the announcement of the different prize contests which close in May. Although it may not be possible to complete the catalogue until December there seems no adequate reason why the subjects should not be made known in June, and so give the students who wish to compete an opportunity to prepare during the summer vacation. It is to the interest of the college that the work submitted should be of the very best, and it is not to be expected that a high degree of merit can be attained unless more time is given for thought and preparation. It may seem that from the first of December until the sixth or perhaps the eighth of May is sufficient time to allow, but the student who may wish to enter the competition can give but little attention to the subjects until the end of the term. There are themes to be completed before the Christmas holidays, and after returning to duty he is fully occupied with the February examinations. He has then practically but three months when, together with the regular college work, he may prepare for contests, the prizes of which will not be awarded "except for distinguished merit."

* * * * *

BASKET-BALL is now claiming the attention of several of the colleges and promises to be the one sport which will fill in the space between foot-ball and base-ball. At Trinity we have an excellent chance to distinguish ourselves in this line. We

have plenty of good material, and, judging from last year's team and from the interest taken, we should stand a most excellent chance of defeating both Yale and Wesleyan. Let every one who can, come and try for the team; if you are unable to make the college team, there are places to be filled on the class team. If this is done the inter-class games will prove, without doubt, to be devoid of that one-sidedness which is usually noticeable in some branches of the college sport. Also the alertness and skill required would be a most excellent advance course of training for the foot-ball men.

* * * * *

THE great academic pageant at Princeton is already a page of history. We have spoken a brief word of congratulation, but we must not allow the occasion to fade from memory without a further mention. Shortly after her foundation Princeton by express charter provisions declared her willingness to accord all her privileges without exacting narrow religious tests. Meantime she has continued in the highest sense a religious college, and has been a bulwark of strength to the great Christian body that has so unanimously and so generously sustained her. A great lesson of this Princeton Sesquicentennial is the infinite value to a religious body of a college of commanding power. We are taught how such an institution is to be created and maintained. Education has been with Presbyterians a religious duty, not to be delegated. They have not thought that a rational economy justified the higher education of their children by Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Baptists, or Methodists. Presbyterian clergymen preach sermons on the importance of sustaining Presbyterian colleges, of giving generously to them and of sending sons to them. Presbyterians have synods and presbyteries as Episcopalians have dioceses and archdeaconries. They have many colleges, a number of them financially strong and numerous attended. They have, however, been so favored by Providence that they have seen that the interest

of all their colleges has lain in the building up first to commanding strength of their great institution. Had Episcopalians been Presbyterians, they would have seen that Trinity was their strongest and oldest efficient college and would have built it up, that on the principle of primogeniture, the eldest and strongest might aid the rest as none can aid another when left with the pittance of equal division. The duty of all Presbyterians to Princeton is a fundamental point of American Presbyterianism. They did not begin by deciding to help all colleges equally and thus leave all equally weak. Neither have they at any time sat down in conclave and found the task of determining which to help to be so difficult that it seemed better to give the money to Episcopalians. Presbyteries and synods have vied in good work; they have not been paralyzed by geographical jealousies. Princeton's success is greatly due to the fact that, as President Eliot suggested in his graceful congratulatory address, she is so fortunate as to be, if not under direct ecclesiastical control, the representative college of a great ecclesiastical body, one of whose chief joys it is practically and unanimously to sustain her.

The possibilities of marvelous advance in a short period are vividly suggested by the comparison of the Princeton of 1868 and that of 1896. On the occasion of a visit to the United States in 1867, James McCosh had seen Princeton and doubtless had seen it well. He was a man who could tell you a great deal about a village he had seen from a railway train twenty years before, let alone a town or institution to which he had given a few hours' careful inspection. He was invited by telegram to take the Presidency and he accepted by telegram immediately and categorically. His action showed his stuff. The institution had a great past but was fossilized. Its recitation rooms were barracks into which it seemed a cruelty to introduce the cows that were so often found in them in the early morning. Its library was little more than a collection of old divin-

ity and patent-office reports. Some dusty apparatus suggested the glories of the days of Joseph Henry, but there were no physical or chemical laboratories. A single white skeleton gently oscillated in symbolism at once of the lifelessness and resourcelessness of the department of biology. A few instructors of knowledge and power made up for the deficiencies of courses in general mediaeval in scheme and inefficient in conduct. For a foreigner to accept the presidency in the serene confidence that he could make Princeton a great modern college capable of speedy development into a great university was the act of a great man, proved great by the sequel of achievement. Dickinson Hall was erected containing lecture rooms so spacious and elegant that no student sought longer to share them with vagrant cattle. President McCosh looked at the library. He said in his quick Scotch brogue, "I have a larger library of my own at Belfast, not to speak of the superior selection." He was an outspoken man. The Chancellor Green library was erected with accommodations for a hundred thousand volumes. An accomplished professional librarian was appointed. The books were bought so as to promote the general work of the college and the researches of individual professors. Notably a list was passed from professor to professor on which each noted the books judged by him most necessary for his department and these were promptly purchased, a certain sum being allotted to each department. The immediate needs of recitation rooms and library having been met, however, President McCosh's mind was fixed on fellowships and substantial prizes for the encouragement of special excellence. He wished by fellowships requiring European study to train up a number of his own graduates to familiarity with the best methods and highest results of investigation so that they might be eminent professors in the greater institution of the future. The distinguished psychologist, Baldwin, is but one of the illustrations of the wisdom of this plan, to which Dr. McCosh perhaps attached more importance than

to any other feature of his administration. "Our men," he said, "must be well prepared by us for higher work. Our best men must go for the highest work to the greatest universities of the world, and they must come back and put their impulse and their knowledge at our service."

President McCosh could look ahead. He advanced all the time in anticipation and achievement, but he did nothing prematurely. He was willing to build for a successor. He knew that he was laying the sure foundations for the university of President Patton. He formulated its idea and that idea will certainly be realized. Neither on the foot-ball field nor in the field of study does Princeton always outline in advance the policy of the future. The erection, however, of a new library to house a million of volumes with eighteen rooms with special departmental libraries in which the distinctly university professors are to fulfill the special function of the university as distinguished from the college professor, the training of small classes of advanced students in special research, indicates sufficiently what the new departure of Princeton is to be. It is to be hoped that Princeton College as the undergraduate department, with earnest and efficient college professors will ever flourish, but it is to be hoped also that a special body of university professors will be appointed, each famous for knowledge and stimulating power, so salaried as to be relieved from pressing pecuniary anxieties, so freed from the burden of routine instruction as to have strength and opportunity to climb to the highest heights of research and to assist in the same ascent a group of younger men who will give to Princeton the lustre in research her Livingstones and Madisons have given her in jurisprudence and statesmanship. These things have been done and will be done by Presbyterians. Has the Church of England, child as well as mother of the magnificent foundations of Oxford and Cambridge, become so different in its transplanting to American soil that she cannot do the like?

GOLD, AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH

THEY have traveled fast and far,
Onward guided by the star
That outshone all lights for them,
On their way to Bethlehem.

By the cradle low and rude,
In the stable's solitude,
Offer they with hearts a-stir,
Gold, and Frankincense and Myrrh.

So to-day we bring Him nought,
Diff'ring from the gifts they brought.
Our best deeds of heart and brain,
Are the priceless gold again.

All kind thoughts that blossom fair,
The faint perfume of each prayer,
Love that seeks no recompense,
Are to-day the Frankincense.

Scathing scorn of hardened heart,
Tears that scald and sobs that start,
Sins that full perfection blur,
Are to-day Christ's bitterest Myrrh.

H. R. R.

LOVE'S UNREST

AS the sea-gull arching down
Lingers on the troubled wave,
When the billows wildly frown
Yearning heaven's clouds to lave.

So, my love, I haunt thy breast,
Which is heaving with emotions ;
And I know thy sweet unrest,
As the sea-gull knows the Ocean's.

D. H. V.

MISTRESS DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS GUEST

“**B**UT, daughter Dorothy, were it not better that Old Pedro should attend you? On a night like this it is not well for maids to venture forth alone. And besides, do you not know that the town-folk report a British ship off Cape Elizabeth this morning?”

“O, Fie, mother, I am no more afraid of such rumors than I am of the snow flakes and methinks there will be no more harm done in Falmouth to-night by one than the other. Old Pedro cannot go, for an hour since he could hardly step for the rheumatism. If there were any British seamen in the town I'm sure they wouldn't molest a lady, or at least they wouldn't if they were under the command of officers like Jack Pelham.”

“Tut! Tut! Mistress Dorothy, that name sounds not well on your lips, that you know as well as anyone; and if your father were here he would be much angered at it.”

“Be that as it may,” retorted the fair Dorothy, with a pout on her pretty lips, “I'm going to the village in spite of the snow and what's more I shall not run if I meet the whole British army;” with which extravagant remark Mistress Dorothy flounced out of the room and ascended the broad stair-way, looking for all the world as if she would do just what she said.

It was Christmas Eve in the year 1813 when the above conversation took place in the “May Mansion,” as it was generally called, which overlooked the little sea-port town of Falmouth. Scarcely recovered from the effects of the Revolution, the country was now engaged in a disastrous warfare, which required the service of every military man within its boundaries.

Realizing this, Col. Richard May had left his wife and daughter in the old mansion house and offered to the country his experience,

obtained in four years of service in the Revolution. This was not all that he had sacrificed. He had turned nearly every farthing of his fortune over to his suffering country, retaining only the homestead and a small competence for his remaining days.

At the opening of the war he had brought his only daughter, Dorothy, from England, where he had sent her three years previous to be educated, in order that she might be a companion for her mother in his absence. Only one thing marred the joy of the home-coming for the old people. Dorothy was in love! This in itself was bad enough, but when the fact came out that she had fallen in love with a lieutenant in the British Navy—who was perhaps, fighting against the Colonies—this was too much for the loyal old Colonel. He dropped the subject without further comment, thinking it to be only a school-girl's whim which would soon be forgotten. But Dorothy could not easily forget Jack Pelham and in the long months of the winter of 1813, while both her father and her brother were fighting, she could only hope that the war would soon be ended and then perhaps the Mays and the Pelhams would once more be friendly.

But Dorothy did not allow her doubts to make her downcast or melancholy. She was a cheery body, loved by all the villagers, and on this dreary Christmas Eve, as she walked down the snowy path which led from the Mansion House to the Village below—the scattering lights of which were just beginning to appear—she was the picture of health and happiness. She was clothed in an immense gray cloak, which covered her from head to foot. Its wide turned-up collar met the brim of the felt hat, tied under her chin with blue ribbons, so that only her rosy face was exposed to the storm. Now and then a stray lock of hair escaped from its bondage and flew wildly about her face as if seeking once more to get back to its retreat under the hat.

A pretty picture, indeed, it was to the man who stood hidden behind the massive stone gate-post at the entrance to the May grounds. He was a slight young man, little more than a youth it would have seemed from his smoothly-shaven face, and scarcely taller than Dorothy herself. He also was fair-haired, but in his blue eyes there was a glitter which showed him to be of noble descent and a leader among men.

Taking a few steps behind the maid as she passed, he touched her slightly on the shoulder and said, "Mistress Dorothy!"

Dorothy scarcely knew whether to believe her senses or not. Well she knew that voice, but the last time she had heard it had been in the old garden at Dame Howell's school. It could not be possible that Jack Pelham was here at her father's gate.

Only a moment did she hesitate, then facing about, her doubts all gave way to joy. In a few words Jack explained that he had left his ship, which was cruising along the coast, in order to spend a few moments with his sweet-heart.

"If I am captured on shore my fate will probably be that of a spy; for the towns-people little know that it is through my influence that the town has been left unmolested," he explained. "But, Mistress Dorothy, is there not some more secluded spot where we shall be free from interruption? I must have a few moments' converse with you."

Dorothy, her heart all in a flutter, led the way through the snow to a corner of the grounds sheltered from the storm by thick pine trees, doubtless bitterly lamenting the circumstances which made it impossible for her to receive her guest in her father's house.

What words passed between Mistress Dorothy and Lieutenant Jack in this sheltered spot we cannot say; but doubtless if we knew the language of the "whispering pines" we should hear from them as they gossiped, one with another, of the old, old story of love

which has been told and retold by countless millions of men. Certain it is that when they separated a half hour later, Jack was lighter hearted than he had been before, and although Dorothy's heart was full of joy, her soft blue eyes were wet with tears.

* * * * *

With a musket across his shoulder, Jonathan Sturgis was guarding the old block-house which answered the purpose of a prison for the town of Falmouth. Battered and shaken by many Indian attacks, with its projecting upper story and its port-holes, between the logs, worn smooth by constant use, the old block-house seemed like a scarred veteran of the wars who has retired from active service but who still tries to live a life of usefulness, however humble it may be. It was the evening following the scene which we have just related. All day the flakes had been falling softly and as darkness approached the guard could hardly distinguish his beaten path from the surrounding waste of snow. Now and then he stopped at the end of his path and beat his body with his arms to restore circulation. His coon-skin cap and long coat were covered with the clinging flakes, and with his round, rosy face he looked more like a belated Santa Claus than a guardsman.

Jonathan Sturgis was a kind man and he could not help but pity the boyish stranger who had been captured the night before on the outskirts of the town. But war was stern reality and Jonathan had little doubt as to the nature of the prisoner; he was unquestionably a spy from the British ship off the Cape and as such he deserved no pity and should be made an example of.

As he thought thus to himself, he was startled by the sound of foot-steps coming from the direction of the main street. Soon a figure enveloped in a long gray cloak came in view, bearing a large basket. As the figure approached he recognized with some surprise Mistress Dorothy.

"What, Mistress Dorothy, is't you?" he queried. "Methinks 'tis late for a maid to be out alone. Do you not make merry at the Mansion House this night?"

"Yea, Master Sturgis, but I slipped away from the Christmas-tree and the children to bring these viands to the prisoner who is confined here. It is a sad Christmas for him, poor man, and I fear it will be his last."

"Aye, Mistress Dorothy, but he should not be spying on us country-folk on Christmas Eve, if he wishes to spend a merry Christmas himself. But if you have victuals carry them in to him for methinks a woman's face will cheer him as much as the food."

"Thanks, Master Sturgis, but first take this brandy which my mother sent, for you will be chilled through before your long watch is over."

"Thank'e, Mistress Dorothy, I would gladly be a prisoner myself for the sake of your presents and a sight of your comely face."

With which gallant speech the doughty Jonathan resumed his beat, well pleased with his gift which he at once proceeded to sample, while Dorothy entered the cheerless apartment where her lover was spending in solitude his Christmas.

As soon as the heavy oaken door closed behind her, her manner changed. A short embrace and then taking off her cloak she threw it over the shoulders of her lover. Next loosening the blue ribbons at her chin she put the broad hat on his head and secured it, turning up the cloak collar to meet it. Then putting the basket in his hand she bade him go. A few words of instruction, a hasty farewell and when the footsteps of the guard sounded farthest away the cloaked figure passed out into the night and as Dorothy watched through a crack of the door she saw him disappear in the darkness. Then her weakness overcoming her she sank to the floor, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Here Jonathan found her a half hour later, and wrapping her in the soldier's coat which was left behind, he carried her home, cursing the man who would assault a maid in order to gain his liberty.

But never a word said Mistress Dorothy, and the towns-people never knew the true story of the escape, although when Jonathan Sturgis attended Dorothy's wedding two years later he tried in vain to recall the place where he had seen the glittering blue eyes of the bearded stranger who carried her away with him.

And this is the story of the blue-eyed, fair-haired maiden enveloped in a long gray cloak, whose picture, done by Copley, hangs in the hall of the old May mansion. And if you are so fortunate as to spend a Christmas there, perchance you may hear it from the lips of the Dorothy who will welcome you to the old home.

R. A. B.

FOR DOROTHY

(On Her Wedding Day.)

SOME give of gold most quaintly wrought,
Or costly gems in heaping measure ;
Fair marvels from far lands are bought
To give some lady pleasure.

But I give you an idle thing
(Take it, for it my love rehearses)
An idle thing of Song and Spring :
Only a pair of verses.

Richard Burton, '83.

steel-clad warriors whose portraits stare at us from the walls. And she will always end up her little arguments by laughingly asking me to find parallels to their actions in our days of money seeking and stagnating peace. Her favorite taunt is that the true heroism of chivalry exists no more. I can only say that there is plenty of it left when occasion demands. Then she smiles in her coquettish way, and tells me her only ideal man is he who can show some of that quality in daring deed which so often blazed up in armored knight of yore.

III.

One evening I am seated in a comfortable chair by the library fire looking over a ponderous old volume. Aunt and Ethel have just retired to their rooms. We three have spent most of the evening at cards. On a little stand by me are the remains of delicate refreshments served by Lady Neville's remarkably handsome new butler, James Montclair. She has been very enthusiastic over the tall, dark man. These refreshments have put me in excellent humor. The deep-toned clock strikes twelve. There is a light step in the doorway and Ethel appears. "Percy," she says, in her quiet way, "Lady Neville wants you to come to her room. There is something very mysterious there. She had not been in her room more than a few moments when she heard something like a human cough."

I hurry up stairs. My aunt is in the hallway much worried. We three enter the room. It is a large chamber luxuriously furnished with canopied bed and beautiful tapestries. Several shields and a pole-ax hang above the fire-place. The room had formerly belonged to Lord Neville.

I take down the battle-ax and commence investigations. No one is under the bed, behind the pictures, or lurking in the closet. Ethel laughingly says, "Don't you think my aunt heard the cough of a ghostly ancestor?" At this Lady Neville shudders, but Ethel does not wince. "Look behind those curtains," she whispers. I

resolve to have some fun. Grasping a long Norman shield from the wall, I part the curtains she had pointed out. The only occupants of the alcove behind are two complete stands of armor. They look for all the world like dark ominous warriors armed cap-a-pie with vizors down. The armor once belonged to crusading ancestors. I approach and saying, "By my halidom, Sir Knight, what dost thou know of this?" bang his head piece with my pole-ax. To my infinite surprise and discomfiture, there comes from that mass of iron an awful yell. The Templar strikes out a terrific blow with his gauntleted hand. Wonderful to relate I catch it on my shield, but it makes me reel. Terror seizes upon me. "Is it a ghostly warrior come back to his ancestral abode?" Then I see it all. There is a nineteenth century man in twelfth-century armor.

The armor profits by my hesitation, and cumbrously is making for the door. My aunt shrieks frantically. Ethel is too much astonished even to move. I spring after my opponent and rap his helmet hard. Then the iron tower turns and makes for me. Letting go axe and shield I drop into the position of a foot-ball tackler. The next minute, top heavy as he is, the Templar goes down with a crash. I have him now. He is too heavy to regain his feet. But he clings to me desperately, and we roll about on the floor. A throng of excited servants come rushing in, and my steel-clad warrior is *hors-de-combat*.

* * * * *

Again I am being driven through the the avenue of tall oaks. I have just taken farewell of the manor. My three weeks vacation are now only a delightful recollection. The Templar, as you will have supposed, was none other than the butler, James. His past record when hunted up showed him to be an old London crook. Lady Neville has taken a great interest in me now, and my future course at the university will be a prosperous one. As for Ethel, well, when she bade me good-by after my victorious passage at arms with a redoubtable Templar, she has confessed that chivalry has not yet quite died out.

VILLANELLE

O SUMMER days, so dear yet few,
When thou and I did'st meet together !
But autumn winds must have their due.
How kindly-sweet the Zephyrs blew !
Our boat flew lightly as a feather,
O summer days, so dear yet few !
How golden was the sunset's hue,
Far off across the hills of heather !
But Autumn winds must have their due.
E'en gentle nature seemed to woo ;
My tongue was loosened from its tether.
O summer days, so dear yet few !
What though a darkening storm cloud grew,
I cared not for the changing weather,
And autumn winds must have their due.
And now, so far away from you,
I sigh : my heart's not made of leather.
O summer days, so dear yet few !
But autumn winds must have their due.

'94.

TRIOLET

HOW white is her shoulder,
How soft is her neck,
How often I've told her
How white is her shoulder.
But when I grew bolder
I met with a check.
How white is her shoulder,
How soft is her neck.

'77.

RONDEAU

MY mother's eyes were like the summer sea
So deep they were, so gentle, pure, and free
From petty passions. Such a tender grace
Her loving eyes lent to her loving face,
I could not choose but worship at her knee.
No dreams could fright my childish heart, while she,
With watchful care was bending over me.
Nor when I woke could Heaven to me replace
My mother's eyes.
'Twas peace itself within her arm to be.
The memory lingers with me lovingly.
But in her steadsast glance I yet can trace
The mother-love that Death cannot efface
As, looking up to Heaven I seem to see
My mother's eyes.

'77.

A GHOST STORY

ABOUT ten years ago, just after football season was over, four freshmen were gathered in one of the rooms in Jarvis. The occasion was an informal set-up given by Rushworth and his chum, Jennyns, to their particular cronies, Price and Uptegrove. They were seated comfortably cracking nuts around the open fireplace where a log was blazing merrily. Price, a first-rate storyteller, had been telling about a girl who had been dared to pick a flower from a certain bush in a graveyard at midnight, and had been found dead the next morning — killed by fright.

"Well," said Jennyns, "it certainly would be ticklish business."

"Rats, I'd just as soon as not," broke in Rushworth. He was a big, muscular fellow, and just now a little conceited, arising from the fact that he had really made the team.

"That's all right, Bullrushes," Uptegrove said, "but you'd find it a lot different in practice."

A diversion was created at this point by the entrance of the waiter with a pot of chocolate. Conversation lapsed while Jennyns did the honors.

"Yes," said Price, sipping his chocolate, "it's all very well to talk about ghosts and graveyards in this nice, warm room. But I'll bet you a supper at Hibe's, that you won't go through even this little cemetery north of college."

"Well," began Rush, handsomely getting away in two bites with a "fly-pie"—

"That's a nice way to crawl," interrupted Uptegrove. "Pass the crackers."

"I don't crawl. I'll take you. But how will you know that I do it?"

"That's all right," said Price, "you know those little flags they put on soldiers' graves? Get us one of those."

So about fifteen minutes before midnight, Rushworth started. It was a cold, blustering night, and the bright moon fitfully hid itself behind the sombre cloud-banks. Rushworth trudged down Summit Street, consoling himself the while for his dreary walk with visions of the comfortable dinner that he was going to win. When he reached the open, a hundred yards this side of the graveyard, he cut across through the sear, frosty grass, and by good luck stumbled upon a path that led in the direction of the cemetery. On the left a clump of trees huddled together as if for mutual protection from the gruesomeness of the place and time, and cowered before the rough buffet of the wind. A group of stately pines to the right of him huddled their heads as if acquiescing in a common bereavement. In front, along the edge of the graveyard, a long line of sentinel pines whispered sepulchrally. Rushworth, having done Evangeline as

part of his prep. work, had read of "murmuring pines," but the image had never had any meaning for him. Now it had. And a very eerie meaning, too. He plodded along, doggedly thrusting aside from his thoughts all the uncanny influences of the situation, and just as he had gained the fence, the moon burst from behind the clouds, blanching to sudden whiteness a gnarled and twisted wild cherry tree that stretched out at him a thousand scornful hag-like fingers. Much startled he vaulted the fence and entered the acute blackness under the guardian trees. Off to the right he noted two tall pines with branches cropped off half way up the trunk; and looking like two ancient ballet girls whose bodies above the waist had dissipated into thin air, they flouted their scanty skirts and tittered in ill-timed glee.

A bit daunted by the spell of the surroundings, he strode along the main way strewn with the dead rustling leaves of the elms above, which waved their arms in straining agony. Just to convince himself that he was not the least influenced by the witchery of the hour, Rushworth determined to sit for a moment in one of those iron chairs which for some unknown purpose are rife in every graveyard; so gingerly stepping over a grave or two, with exaggerated care not to step on them, he reached the chair and seated himself. At that instant a blast so penetrating struck him, that he imagined it was a ghostly presence passing through him and laying icy fingers around his heart. He jumped up more—no, not frightened—startled, let us say, than ever. To his remembrance was called the fact that several bodies had recently been stolen, and consequently, the outraged spirits were thoroughly aroused. He set this thought aside with a "bosh," as unworthy of his intelligence. Yet so perverse a thing is thought, and so deeply ingrained is superstition that it returned again and again.

All things, even the most unpleasant, have an end. And finally,

Rushworth having obtained the object of his quest—the flag—clambered over the gate at the main entrance. Hardly had he taken five steps when suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. He screamed and writhed to get away.

“None o’ that, damn yer,” said the harsh voice of a cop. “Come along wid me.” At that moment the moon flashed out again, and its beams fell on a sign:

“All persons found trespassing after dark will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.”

J. H. L.

THE OAK IN WINTER

ALONE, in mighty grandeur, stands
The oak tree, leafless, rugged, strong.
Which, like a giant, spreads its hands
To meet the blasts all winter long.

Sole tenant of the wintry plain,
The storm-wind swirls about its feet
And, like a show’r of arrows, rain
The stinging crystals of the sleet.

The frost is whisp’ring at its heart,
But lives still on, this monarch grim,
Its toughened sinews, firm, impart
The deepest scorn toward Nature’s whim.

Thou stalwart type of Saxon race
Whose courage thus your life maintains,
Inspire us so to bravely face
Life’s chilling mists and wintry rains.

H. D. P.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Dick Comfort,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. J. Brines, 1900
George Merrigale,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. A. Hornor, 1900
Alexander Meander,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. S. Danker, '97
Harris,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. A. Warner, '99
Mrs. Clementina Meander,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. B. Pulsifer, '97
Edith Comfort,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. C. Owen, '99
Sally,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. W. Nichols, '99

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S LECTURE

MONDAY evening, December 8, Charles Dudley Warner gave a charmingly informal lecture on "Memphis" before a fair-sized audience in Alumni Hall. He said that Memphis was a large cemetery where new discoveries are being made daily concerning its civilization of 4500 B. C. Of course the most interesting things are the pyramids, the meaning of whose inscriptions many have puzzled over. We used to think that the inscriptions detailed the good deeds of the dead men, but we have learned differently now. It was the belief among the Egyptians that a man's double lived after death and if not duly attended to would haunt his friends. So food was brought to the pyramids and scenes of the man's earthly life were represented and, if a king, statues were placed around representing his attendants and courtiers. Everything was done to keep the spirit's double content and to prevent him from wandering. But there was quite a difficulty to surmount in providing the double with food forever so the names of his favorite dishes were carved and it answered the purpose if some charitable soul read over the list. But then it became expensive to provide so many life-sized statues that it was deemed advisable to substitute the figurines which our modern pottery has copied.

Now that Foot Ball is over, Basket Ball has started in with a rush and what with the loss of but one man and plenty of good new material it will be strange if two such excellent players as Captain Flynn, '97, and Mr. Velte do not turn out a team to do us credit. Allen, '97, has been elected manager and everything is well under way for the triangular league, Yale, Wesleyan and Trinity. The first game takes place on January 16, between Trinity and Yale, at New Haven, In the mean time interclass contests are the order of the day. On Wednesday, Dec. 9, '99 beat 1900 by a score of 25 to 2, and '97 won from '98, 20-2. The

next afternoon '97 defeated 1900, 18-1. '98 meets '99 on Tuesday, Dec. 13, and on Wednesday the remaining games between '97 and '99, '98 and 1900 will be decided.

Reading suggested for the Historical Prize :

The History of Italy, *William Hunt* ; History of Modern Europe, Vol. III, *Fyffe* ; The Dawn of Italian Independence, *Thayer* ; The Makers of Italy, *Marriott* ; The Liberation of Italy, *Countess Cesaresco* ; Italian Characters, *Countess Cesaresco* ; Italy, *J. W. Probyn*.

For references to review articles upon the subject, see *Poole's Index*.

This list is not to be considered exhaustive.

ATHLETICS

	NO. OF GAMES.				TOTAL NO. COL. GAMES.	FULL COL. GAMES.	GOLD FOOT-BALL
	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.			
Beecroft, '97,	—	3	8	7	18	17	15
Cogswell, '97,	2	6	7	8	23	20	18
Langford, '97,	1	7	8	8	24	22	19
McCook, '97,	—	—	2	3	5	3	4
Sparks, '97,	—	—	—	2	2	0	0
Ellis, '98,	—	—	6	4	10	9	9
Lord, '98,	—	7	8	8	23	23	20
Travers, '98,	—	4	2	4	10	5	3
Woodle, '98,	—	—	8	8	16	15	14
Bacon, '99,	—	—	4	5	9	7	7
Glazebrook, '99,	—	—	—	5	5	5	5
Ingalls, '99,	—	—	—	6	6	6	6
Littell, '99,	—	—	—	4	4	4	4
Rich, '99,	—	—	7	4	11	7	9
Robbins, '99,	—	—	—	1	1	0	1
Sterling, '99,	—	—	—	3	3	1	1
Sutton, '99,	—	—	8	8	16	16	15
Baldwin, 1900,	—	—	—	3	3	1	1
Browne, 1900,	—	—	—	1	1	0	1
Burchard, 1900,	—	—	—	6	6	6	6

NAME.	POSITION.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	AGE.
Ellis, '98,	end.	145 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	21 years.
Sutton, '99,	tackle.	175 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	21 "
Cogswell '97,	guard.	185 lbs.	5 ft. 11½ in.	20 "
Lord, '98,	center.	175 lbs.	5 ft. 11½ in.	28 "
Ingalls, '99,	guard.	175 lbs.	6 ft.	21 "
Langford, '97, (capt.)	tackle.	175 lbs.	6 ft. 1 in.	20 "
Rich, '99,	end.	150 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	20 "
Glazebrook, '99,	quarter-back.	130 lbs.	5 ft. 6 in.	19 "
Littell, '99,	half-back.	152 lbs.	6 ft.	19 "
Woodle, '98,	half-back.	166 lbs.	5 ft. 11 in.	19 "
Burchard, 1900,	full-back.	165 lbs.	5 ft. 10½ in.	20 "
Bacon, '99,	guard.	195 lbs.	5 ft. 9 in.	20 "
Sterling, '99,	tackle.	162 lbs.	5 ft. 10 in.	21 "
Beecroft, '97,	end.	150 lbs.	5 ft. 11½ in.	20 "
Baldwin, 1900,	end.	140 lbs.	5 ft. 6½ in.	20 "
Brown, 1900,	quarter-back.	138 lbs.	5 ft. 3 in.	19 "
Travers, '98,	half-back.	142 lbs.	5 ft. 8½ in.	22 "
McCook, '97,	end.	135 lbs.	5 ft. 10 in.	21 "

PERSONALS

The Rev. Dr. G. S. MALLORY, '58, read a paper at the recent church congress discussing the question, "What is the Organic Law of this Church?"

The Rev. F. M. COOKSON, '61, has been re-elected a member of the standing committee and of the Board of Missions of the Diocese of Albany.

The Rev. A. B. JENNINGS, '61, has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Sing Sing, N. Y., and his present address is Denver, Col.

The current number of the Register of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, contains an obituary notice of Lieut. W. H. WEBSTER, '61, who had been a member of the society since 1870.

The Rev. Dr. C. T. OLMSTED, '65, read a paper on "Systematic Giving," at the recent meeting of the Missionary Council.

The address of the Rev. W. F. HUBBARD, '71, chaplain U. S. A., is 943 Tenth St., San Diego, Cal.

The Rev. Dr. A. P. GRINT, '81, has published a report of the commemorative services held in St. James' Church, New London, Conn., on the centenary of Bishop Seabury's death in February last.

Married, in Alexandria, Va., November 26th, CHARLES HENRY CARTER, '82, and Miss Sara Carroll Daingerfield.

HOBART W. THOMPSON, '83, should be addressed at 115 First St., Troy, N. Y.

The engagement has been announced of FREDERICK F. JOHNSON, '94, to Miss Susan L. Beers, formerly of Newtown, Conn., now of Denver.

Married, in Providence, R. I., November 18th, PERLEY RAYMOND WESLEY, '94, and Miss Alice Locke Pitman.

LOUIS POTTER, '96, should be addressed 131 Bl. Montparnasse, American Art Association, Paris, France. This will probably be his final residence during his six years' stay abroad.

NECROLOGY

AUSTIN STICKNEY, M. A., sometime professor in the College, died in Paris, France, on the 30th of November, aged 64 years. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1852, and held the chair of Latin from 1858 to 1864, and again from 1870 to 1873, to which was joined the chair of Greek from 1862 to 1864. An accurate and graceful scholar, a patient and successful teacher, and a kind friend, he will be remembered by the students who had the benefit of his instruction. He edited four volumes of Cicero's works, the *Pro Cluentio*, the *De Senectute* and *De Amicitia*, the *De Officiis*, and *De Natura Deorum*.

The Rev. ISAAC HENRY TUTTLE, D. D., salutatorian and last survivor of the graduates in the class of 1836, died at his home in New York city, November 20th, in the 86 year of his age. He studied theology at the General Theological Seminary, and was for forty-one years rector and for five years rector emeritus of St. Luke's Church, New York. He was specially active in philanthropic work, and for many years he was a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of New York. His degree in divinity was conferred by his alma mater in 1862. Dr. TUTTLE has by his will left the college a legacy of \$5,000.

THE STROLLER

COLLEGE, as truly as the world, may be compared to an inn—and not a particularly luxurious one at that. Here for a few short years we maintain a precarious existence, shiver in the freezing hallways, stumble on the icy walks, for knowledge, it seems, being occupied with the diffusion of light, has but little radiant energy to produce a kindly warmth—and then we depart, we know not whither, with a heavy account against us, we know not how to settle. From this dreary prospect one turns gladly to more kindly recollection. The specter of one's Freshman self comes again—proud of his accomplished school-days, rejoicing in his first taste of college freedom. He is saluted as "Mister," by the Faculty, can cut recitations, run into debt. Life seems very full and pleasant. With this "load of blushing honors thick upon him," no wonder the Freshman is elated. But too soon "comes a frost, a chilling frost," and over night the campus loses its verdant hue, and our Freshmen changes color at the prospect of suspension and the music to be faced at home. All that is very long ago, but great is the power of fancy that can stem the strong stream of time, and in recollection we pass out into the haze of the past, far back to the time when our library contained contemporary literature—not long after the mammoth and hairy rhinoceros ranged unchecked through the Connecticut valley, and the hoarse scream of the pterodactyl awoke the echoes round Rocky Hill. That happy time, too, is long passed, and it would seem that some of these literary treasures have disappeared. Still some have been recovered in a fossilized condition, of course, and we owe to the finder's effort to describe their nature, the dynamic phrase, "sermons in stone."

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It has reached THE STROLLER that it is the conviction of some persons in college that THE TABLET has been tardy in recognizing their merits, and according their names a place in its columns. That desert should be unrewarded is in the highest degree deplorable, but THE STROLLER deprecates the charge against THE TABLET. He would remind these aspirants for fame that THE TABLET has published the usual college directory, containing the name (with initials), class and residence of every man in Trinity. If nothing more can charitably be said of him, THE TABLET is not in fault. It is not designed to be a sensational journal.